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VOL. XXIV.

No. I.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nonnen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCLVIII.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1858.

No. I.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,

B. N. HARRISON,

G. W. FISHER,

T. R. LOUNSBURY,

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*Vacation Lessons.*

What do we mean by that? We will tell you as Guizot defines civilization, by telling you first what we don't mean. They are by no means the tough lines of Schiller, over which you, enthusiastic, new-fledged Senior, have been digging. Not the long crabbed pages of Æschylus, through which you, Oh Junior Class, have been plodding, step by step, up the appointment list. Not the jumping metres of Horace, which have been scanned from the earliest college antiquity, down to the very late era of the present Sophomore Class; nor yet those choice classics, so sought by every Freshman, who spends seven of his summer weeks in "cramming" his conditions; those stumbling blocks which Tutors, by no means siren-voiced, yet always counselling delay, scatter along the road up the hill of Science.

We mean, by vacation lessons, something far different from all this—lessons which we breath in with the atmosphere of home—lessons to the heart and the man, rather than the intellect; an unwritten and unwritable music, felt but not heard; the sweet chime of the thousand and one kindnesses and dear associations, of familiar

sights and joyous sounds which forever linger around the "old place." We go from our College rooms, from jovial evenings with student friends, from cold, dark recitation rooms, crowded with memories of ungraceful "flunks," from a strange jumble of pleasure and pain, of care and carelessness, and enter once more upon the half-forgotten routine of our former lives. How everything seems to welcome one back. Not only the sympathies and attentions of friends greet you, but inanimate and once unnoticed objects seem to beam with a peculiar satisfaction at your return. The old trees stretch out their arms, and nod their heads in token of recognition; the fences, the stones laugh with mossy lips, and as you enter the house, every article of furniture greets you as kindly as it can. These are the teachers of vacation lesson No. 1. They speak to you in their quiet, old fashioned way, and tell you stories of the old time, and of those who were with you then, until a kind of pleasant sadness steals over you, and unconsciously reciting, you murmur, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Vacation lesson No. 2, is something entirely different. I have often wished it were something entirely as pleasant. A boy friend, who has been several years away, is coming to visit you. You remember the ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, the manly, frank way he had, and are happy in the prospects of seeing him again. At length he comes, or rather a tall, slim, spectre looking individual of the same name. You look at the incipient mustache dimly outlined upon his upper lip; at the flat, vacant countenance, at the immense gaudy rings upon the long, white, bony fingers, and he in turn giving you two of those precious digits to shake, raising a delicate eye-glass, surveys you an instant, and then, with a look of affected concern, ejaculates, "The doose! Why demme, Frarnk, how you've chaunged!" He languidly subsides into a sitting posture, and you inquire about his health, his situation, etc. "Health, eh? aw, very good, nevah bettah, nevah. Situation, aw, pleasant, pleasant. Oysters very good at N——, very, very. Foine theatre. Am acquainted with Outroarem, our storr actor. You ought to know Outroarem, Frarnk, good boy,—Outroarem—good boy." You feel still a touch of sympathy and fellowship, as you remember the long, sunny, autumn afternoons, in which you wandered with the bright-eyed, generous boy, after nuts, in the woods, over beyond the meadow. You remember, too, the time when you went with him after school, to his sister's grave, out back of the old brown church,

one cold October day, and how he wept as he looked at the little white slab ; and you looked steadily at it too, absently watching the sunshine glinting across it. You venture a remark, intended to call up some one of the memories common to both. "Aw yes, I remember. People get doosed bloo in a country place, don't they, Frank?" You hasten to change the subject. Long dissertations follow, respecting "*our* house," "*our* firm," "we do business with Biteem & Co." You wonder at the change in your friend. There is not one thing in the insipid, affected being before you, to remind you of the boy whom you once knew, and as you think of him as he once was, and as he now is, you find yourself reciting vacation lesson No. 2. "Without charity I am nothing," it should be, but most of us "fizzle" it sadly ; get entirely on the wrong track, (?) and recite promptly, "What a stupendous snob ! Intolerable bore ! Regular squirt ! Don't know anything !"

By vacation lessons, we mean those feelings of commingled disgust and sadness, which we learn first, when we find buds that promised fairly, blossoming into worm-eaten, odorless, dying and worse than dying flowers. Those feelings which arise when we see gallant ships, before their voyage is well begun, already split upon the rocks, the paint already soiled and dim, the masts and spars snapped, the torn sails flapping idly, the precious cargo wasted, and the lading taken in exchange, worthless sand.

By this time, however, your health needs recruiting. Nothing can save you but a trip to the sea-side, the mountains or the springs. You have been to the sea so often that you conclude that there is nothing like the mountains. You become poetic, filled with the "divine afflatus," and talk earnestly about

"Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest,"

and all that sort of thing. In short, you go *to* the mountains. That is one thing, and a very pleasant one too. Next, you go *up* the mountains. That's quite a different thing. Stage crowded, driver crabbed and stupid, and says there's room for three on the box. You submit with as good a grace as you can, and begin to look out for remarkable scenery, and you find *remarkable* scenery with a vengeance.

#### SCENE 1ST.

Road in front, inclining upward at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Two rods ahead of you, "a mighty cloud of dust," which doesn't

long preserve that respectful distance, but the next instant is in and around your eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth. (I here found that what had seemed stupidity in the driver, viz., a remarkable aptitude for keeping his mouth shut, was, in fact, the result of maturest wisdom. Also a brother editor has since informed me, that this little piece of sapiency, which I learned from experience, was embodied in a maxim by his maternal relative, and in his tender years was frequently quoted for his or her especial benefit. We give it for the convenience of future travelers: "Shet yer hed." However, I find upon consulting history, that I am not the first who has "*bitten the dust*," for not keeping the mouth shut.)

SCENE 2D.

Dust so thick all around that you cannot see anything.

This is a wonderful opportunity for pensive thought. The gross external world is all shut out, and you think of the "wild goats" again, but just here the cloud in front breaks a little, and you see, dimly figured in the atmosphere of sand, the long ears of a herd of jackasses. You abandon the goat theory instantly, but do your best, you cannot gather up the reins of your imagination, before that brilliant faculty has supplied a long linen duster, an umbrella, and a carpet-bag to a few pairs of the above mentioned ears. Singular freak of the fancy, you soliloquize. Wonderful illustration of the influence of our sensations upon the imaginative portion of the mind. You wonder if Reid was ever conscious of such a process within him. But there's an end to all things, and so there is to a mountain road. A little before sunset, the stage stops at a large white house, and you are politely requested by the driver to "*come down with your dust*," which being done, you eat an excellent supper, and then you learn the grand finale of vacation lesson No. 3, out of what Horace Smith so finely calls the "vast three leaved bible—Earth, Sea and Sky." It is on page first, which was never so spread out before you, until you came among the Catskills. The sun, almost down, is taking leave of the valley for the night, "imprinting its last kiss," and you are looking at a picture of evening painted by the Master's hand, on canvas which was woven of rock and mould and tough fibres, when the stars sang, and the world had yet to wait over four thousand years for her Titian and Raphael and Angelo. There are hills and valleys, forests and plains, orchards and streams, lying at your feet, all displaying every variety of color, all blushing in

"the glow of even tide." Then fainter and fainter, the rosy tinting slowly fades from the green forest, brown hill, and gray rock, then the outlines of these grow dim and obscure, and as you gaze at the fading, darkening picture, the grand old chant of the Romish church rises spontaneously to your lips, and you recite once more, "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

Kind reader, we have given you a summary of three lessons, which we deem it very possible you have learned by heart already, learned from the same sources with ourselves, with all the bitter and sweet blended and mingled indiscriminately. If you learned them as pleasantly as we did, you will not murmur at their rehearsal. There are many which nature and experience teach, many bright and holy ones too; lessons of sadness from breaking hearts; lessons of beauty from purple sunsets; lessons of joy from the forests and the fields; lessons of sublimity from the hills and the sea. To students of dry books, vacations are, or should be, nature's lecture hours, and to all who will listen, she speaks with magic eloquence; now humorous and amusing, now grand and sublime, now moving to tears as she discourses in the outpourings of a bleeding heart, of misery and anguish and blighted hopes, now filling the soul with hope and joy, as she points with the crimson fingers of the "dying day," up, up, to the last, saying as it were, "God o'er head." "Sermons in stones, learn from everything."

A. H. W.

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### Leonore.

As to deeper shades are turning the glowing sunset skies  
O'er the Day-god's altar, burning with his evening sacrifice,  
So my soul the daylight flying when the cares of earth are o'er,  
Is to thee from darkness crying, Leonore.

As these crowding shades are marking the departure of the Sun,  
Those that in thy grave are lurking say my dayspring's joy is done;  
Round it memory's treasures wasting, like flooded moonlight pour,  
But they trouble not thy resting, Leonore.

I do not mourn with weeping for the beauty that is dead,  
For the golden glory sleeping on thine early-coffined head;  
Like the strong wave's steady beating on a moveless, helpless shore,  
Sorrow passes all repeating, Leonore.



Though I know thy presence glided from my vision as a star  
Whose gentle grace had guided all my footsteps from afar—  
Though on earth thou wert not given—thee my spirit hands implore,  
Stretching upward to thy Heaven, Leonore.

What to me a cold faith, telling that an angel's harp is thine,  
That thy raptured voice is swelling in a harmony divine—  
When I know thy spirit, leaving all these new-born joys, would store  
E'en my weak heart's lonely grieving, Leonore.

And as midnight's shroud effaces every ray that noonday flings,  
The deep awe of death replaces all the love a life-time brings;  
And my dreams of the departed rise to worship evermore  
At thine earthly shrine deserted, Leonore.

I cannot pray to meet thee—e'en the mourning, hopeless song  
With which my soul would greet thee, falters on an earth-born tongue;  
And despair my heart is telling thou art lost—not gone before  
In the far land where thou'rt dwelling, Leonore.

---

## The Devil—.

### I.

Is there innate in the heart of every man a desire which prompts him at times to make a fool of himself? Can the path of any individual be traced through life by words and acts of folly, which have found expression and manifestation, in spite of the resistance of the higher nature, not because they were natural, but apparently because they violated the plainest laws of common sense?

Perhaps every one who has stood looking from the top of any high elevation on the vast depth which lies directly below him, has felt, on some particular occasion, that almost insane desire which urges him to throw himself down. Perfectly conscious as he is that he shall be dashed to pieces, yet the love of life seems to forsake him, the reason to desert him, and high over all reigns as sovereign of the moment, that morbid feeling, which proclaims the weakness and teachery of the human will.

Nor is it in this particular alone that the mind manifests its faithlessness to all those higher attributes, which the man so proudly claims for himself. There are moments in the life of every one, there are peculiar situations in the history of every one, when the

mad wish to commit some act which he knows will be attended by consequences ruinous to himself, hurries the individual forward as if with an irresistible impulse. Disguise it as we may, in the heart lurks some innate principle of evil, which at times, overleaping the barriers of reason and philosophy, gains control of the mind, and tempts the man to deeds of folly and crime, the melancholy results of which can be traced only in the pointless regrets and idle wishes of a wasted life. Down in the most secret places of the soul slumber those feelings of treason to our higher nature, which lie unknown and unnoticed until some crisis in our destiny rouses them up into open rebellion, to repeat in the manifestation of their power the original temptation and fall of the race.

But with most persons, such exhibitions are not habitual, but only occasional. They do not act as a constant force influencing the conduct, but only as passing temptations working upon the will, and which though often yielded to, are still more often resisted. Yet there are species of monomania, which sometimes fasten themselves upon the character, in which this morbid propensity to commit acts of folly or of crime, usually remaining so inactive, manifests itself constantly in one particular way. Such was the case in the story I am about to relate.

From the time of my earliest recollection, I had been the slave of a habit, apparently trivial in itself, but important by reason of the influence it had always exerted over my destiny. It consisted in a constant use of the words "the devil," uttered without any regard to the time or place in which I was speaking, or the character and position of the person I was addressing. All efforts to break up this peculiarity of conduct had been of no avail. It had clung to me in spite of the entreaties and reproofs of parents, in spite of the exhortations and warnings of deacons and divines. For "the devil" had not fastened itself upon my mode of speech, simply in the light of an exclamation or even of an intensive expression. It was the steps by which I ascended the staircase of conversation, the vehicle in which I was carried through the intricate paths of a sentence. Always blaming my weakness in yielding to this habit, I was yet unable to free myself from its control, until through it had fallen upon my youth the first great sorrow of manhood.

## II.

There is no time in the ever-changing variety of the seasons more beautiful, or more suggestive of emotions, painful and pleasant,

than the twilight hour in the first part of an American autumn. The mellow light fading away into the growing darkness seems to carry with it the fouler thoughts and worldly desires, which have sprung into life during the struggle and tumult of the day, while the stillness and saint-like repose, in which all nature lies hushed, points the heart to the eternal peace and glory of that higher world, to which, in our serious states of mind, the aspirations of our souls, as if drawn by some invisible attraction, are continually turning. It is the hour for those moments of self-examination, which at times will come upon the most thoughtless, when before the bar of conscience, the better nature summons the man to answer for the course in life he is pursuing. From the very stillness of the quiet rise up and move before the spirit in airy procession the visions of long ago—phantom hopes and wishes of former years—ghosts of resolutions broken and high purposes unaccomplished—sickening memories of what might have been—bitter memories of opportunities wasted, of talents misused, of all the feelings which should not have passed away, but passed away the soonest. Moments such as these are often turning-points in the destiny, when from the seasons of earnest heart-communion, of self-upbraiding and remorse, the man goes forth to the conflict of life, with nobler aims and renewed strength.

Upon just such a season of self-examination I had fallen, one evening during the first week of my Junior year. What might have been the result of my revery, it is impossible now to tell, for from it I was suddenly awakened.

"Charlie," said a hoarse voice under my window, "Tutor Blinkum wishes to see you."

"The devil he does!"

"Immediately."

With a mind intent no longer on self-condemnation, but rather self-preservation, I ran over the scrapes in which I had been engaged for a year past. I thought of smashed windows, of convivial meetings, in short, of all the spree, which diversify student-life, for the purpose of finding out the one which would satisfactorily account for the unexpected honor of this invitation. Confident at last that nothing of importance could have been discovered, I entered the Tutor's room with a face carefully fixed into the injured look of conscious innocence, took the proffered chair, and leaned back quite at my ease.

"Mr. Jenkins," said the Tutor, in his peculiarly slimy voice, "I exceedingly regret that I am compelled to speak with you on matters of a most painful nature. We have received positive proof that during the last examination you copied from another man's paper. I own that I have never been more shocked in my life, to find out that one of your character should have been guilty of so outrageous, so heinous a crime. I would as soon expect any one to forge a will."

Even in the very speechlessness of my astonishment at the charge, I could not but be struck by the novelty of the last assertion. In the excitement of the moment, it was impossible to resist saying, "The devil you would!"

My blood ran cold the moment the words were out.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Blinkum, rising, "I feel it to be my duty to report to the Faculty this last awful act of profanity in my presence, and be assured we cannot be expected to pass it over lightly."

I was well aware that the Tutor was a conscientiously mean man, and that of all men a conscientiously mean man is the meanest. In the words of his threat, I saw the certainty of the punishment that was sure to follow. Visions of indignant fathers and sorrowing mothers swam before my eyes. Excited and scarcely knowing what I was saying, I gasped out,

"O the devil!"

Nothing more was needed. In three days I received notice that I might consider myself suspended until the third term of Junior year, and in the mean time could take up my residence in the small village of S—, in northern New York, and pursue my studies under the direction—as the communication informed me—of the "very learned and pious divine, Dr. Campbell."

### III.

"What shall I do?"

"Fall in love," replied Egerton. "That is a very fashionable way of passing away time now-a-days."

"No one suits me sufficiently. In fact, I never expect to find any person who will precisely meet my wishes, in all the points of perfection, which I would require in a wife."

"What are they?"

"Well, riches, of course, I would insist upon first—then intellect, beauty, piety, great musical powers, assurance that she will not trouble me after marriage by any display of affection, and last, though by no means least, an ability to make good coffee."

"You might add common sense with profit."

"No woman ever has common sense. That is essentially a male qualification. Common sense implies an act of the reason, and whatever woman performs or counsels, she does from instinct."

"A choice collection of qualities that, at any rate, and a modest opinion you must have of yourself, to insist upon them in a wife. Yet who knows? The niece of your venerable Argus,—a woman, who combines all these qualities and a dozen more,—is coming out in a few days—"

"The devil she is! I never heard of her."

"Don't speak of the devil and her in the same breath. I was going on to say, she would suit you, especially, so far as regards any manifestation of affection or warmth of feeling. I would as soon think of marrying a thermometer, and settling for life along with it at the North Pole."

"But is she rich? I am a full believer in the advice once given me by a man of great worldly experience, never to marry for money, because it was a mean and mercenary act, but always to take care and fall in love with a rich girl."

"Rich! She owns shares in half the railroads of the world, and has an interest in all the canals. She could buy out the Lydian monarch's dominions three times over. And beautiful too! But she is so dignified, so majestically cold, so chilly!" and Egerton involuntarily drew his overcoat close about him.

Other things being equal, there are three classes of young men whose chances to obtain the favor of the fairer half of creation are superior to those of all others. These are officers of the army, college students, and young "theologues," and exactly in this order stands the relative possibility of success. In the little village of S—, where the advent of a member of any one of the three classes above mentioned was a circumstance which formed a standard subject of conversation for at least nine years, I could not complain of the want of flattering attentions.

Yet in three weeks I became perfectly tired. I had visited all the romantic spots, and seen all the sights. I knew all the young men, and had kissed all the girls. I began to feel my energies wasting away in the languor and sluggishness of the life about me. Whether it be true or not what men say about the peace and quiet of the country, and its beneficial influence upon the character, there

is certainly no place where, unless the most vigilant care is taken, the faculties are so sure to dwindle, as in the torpidity of a small village. For there men do not live; they simply vegetate. And in my case, there was nothing to keep me interested, because there was no person nor thing which could long interest. To one individual only, Frank Egerton, had I become in any manner attached; and his everlasting gratitude had been secured by the care I took of him for two weeks, during which he had the fever and ague, and in which time I sometimes thought he would have shaken to pieces, had it not been for his clothes.

It was therefore with no little pleasure that I heard of the arrival of a new comer, whom every one seemed to fear as well as admire. I hailed with joy the appearance of any new star above our horizon, however cold, however cheerless might be the light it would give.

#### IV.

And I saw her!

Was she beautiful? Of course she was! Who ever heard of the heroine of any story that was not beautiful, or at least, who ever liked her so well when she was not? Philosophers may reason and speculate, and tell us that it is a blind obedience to the prejudice of an uncultivated mind, which makes us wish that the ideal creations of the novelist should be graced with an attractiveness, which is rarely met with in real life; yet in spite of philosophy, the feeling maintains its hold upon the heart. Nor is it a blind obedience to silly prejudice. It is rather a manifestation of those high instincts of our nature, which, seeking in vain for perfection in the character of living, struggling men, are driven to fashion it out of the materials which the imagination furnishes. We may praise the independence, the freedom from clap-trap, as it is called, of Currer Bell, when she makes the foremost individual in her greatest production, of no personal beauty; but where is the man, who in his secret soul, if he has a soul, does not wish that it were otherwise? Whatever the lying lips may say, the faithful heart still acknowledges the influence of that power to which all submit, still seeks in the ideal creation a realization of that perfection, which is so rarely found in the actual.

Yet I would not venture on any description of her appearance. What idea can any catalogue of features, taken down with all the exactness of a merchant's inventory, give of the real attraction of any woman? What eloquence of language, what splendor of im-

agery can hope to convey even a faint impression of that ever-varying loveliness which may be felt but cannot be told? How tame seem labored descriptions of form and features beside that high mysterious beauty, encircling every true woman, which, flashing through the beauty of the countenance, subjects the soul to its influence as well as the sense! To the believing eye and understanding heart alone is it given to look through the outward form of loveliness, and see in the face, which conveys to others nothing but the splendor and show of perfect physical harmony, all that is and all that may be in the fate of woman—all the tenderness, the purity, the possible acts of self-devotion, the boundless self-forgetfulness of a love that gives everything and asks nothing in return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### Cloister Shadows.

A SPECIES of Mesmerism seems to have fallen to the lot of many who have already finished the course we are taking, so that among the records of their college life, we find sundry memoranda of spiritual manifestations and communions. We are led to infer that there are other occupants of these time-honored walls than those with which popular tradition and personal experience make us acquainted—some restless spirits, who failing to find agreeable accommodations in either world, solace themselves by tormenting those who have the impudence to follow in their footsteps—emaciated spirits, to whom doors are of so little convenience, that they glide with ease and celerity through lath and plaster—misanthropic spirits, who relish the unhealthy fumes of patent “midnight oil”—blue spirits, not solely from the peculiar tendencies of the atmosphere, but from the melancholy nature of the inhabitants in the land of their adoption. To those whom they honor by their attendance, they exhibit a striking uniformity of conduct, which although giving an idea of the delightful similarity of tastes supposed to exist between them while in their own society, yet renders a frequency of their human intercourse slightly monotonous. Not that they always converse—that is a minor consideration; they are chiefly occupied in ‘looking’ or ‘peering from obscurity,’ and by some

felicity of grimace inspire their interested host with the sublimest ideas of the great departed—and forgotten. These, however, are known but by research, and for a full and free account of such nocturnal visitations, examine any old volume which claims a paternity in any old College, and the result will undoubtedly be highly satisfactory—a conclusion impossible from any such revelation that the unexperienced could make. But—whether from some slight offered to the Lares of our college home, whether its walls are impervious to spiritual entrance, or our own mental blindness has failed to distinguish those modest and exceedingly retiring visitants, we have never, at all events, been aware of their presence, and with the pleasing suggestion that its former proprietors are too well satisfied with their successors to think of disturbing them, we pass from this part of the subject, since the shadows we now ‘pursue’ were cast by other firelights.

Like the charmed mirror of the “Lady of Shalott,” the smoke that veils these cloister walls, reflects shadows of the passing world. A popular writer has recently said that there are materials for a novel in in every lifetime, and an author much older than he declares each to be a drama; and we can in some degree witness to the truth of these remarks, as we watch these shadows, varying with every new volume of the smoke-cloud, drifting backwards from the past, gathering solemn distinctness from the midnight present, and floating out from a future in whose skies we hope to see the morning. They are shadows from our own past, they are the experience of our actual present, they are the hopes of a personal future; and all cling to these walls as the scenes of their origin, and the way-marks of their development.

It is curious to watch the outlines that represent the foundation of cloister life. The smoke on which they waver, curls around blocks of sharp and angular form, precise in architecture and isolated in position. They are laid with hard labor, and in mingled hope and fear. The forms that lay them turn wistful faces toward the home they have left, and childish hearts weaken the toiling hands. Soon, however, new hopes come to them and encourage effort, and thereafter the faces gradually look towards the Coming, and though earlier hopes fail, they yet see other fresher ones filling the vacant places. As they proceed only a little way, a figure of Glory that has been beckoning them, rises and is lost in upper air. Well—let it go. It were better, perhaps, that its



crowned head bend over their toil hereafter from Celestial Battlements.

We can only indicate the gradual improvement manifested in the progressing work—that the figures are more numerous, the mirror smoother, the scenes more varied, until the strengthening picture brightens into actual reflection of the present, around which presages of the future are revolving,—each in its season eclipsing the remainder. These invite our attention, as every thing that is new replaces the old, as mystery is more attractive than oft-repeated tales of circumstance, as hope outruns experience. It is not surprising that a prominent form among them is that of a home, for as around it cluster the dearest recollections, so our fondest ideals are fashioned from it. It stands before us like the Palace Beautiful, itself the shrine of goodness and beauty. We forget that the hot sun of noon will come before the evening of our rest; that for many the quiet of the home fireside comes only in first and second childhood; that the love of youth is uncertain and experimental, and that of age is the result of long union in labor and sorrow; so we revel in unreality, and spend long hours in this home of our dreams.

With a slight degree of selfishness this shadow takes a slightly modified form, and we rejoice in the unlimited elysium of "bachelor life. A host of pleasures attend the solitary figure appearing on the mirror, each one intended for his individual enjoyment. Oh, the charming devotedness of this self-service! Oh, the exquisite refinement of this sublimated selfishness! By a fine adaptation of spiritual to earthly obligation, man's duty being to take care of himself, the accomplishment of duty is delightful in its devoutness.

As the mind aims somewhat higher, the shadows of all humbler selfishness retire before the noble apparition of "literary lion"-ship. What a grand and prominent part this figure plays in the mirror of imagination. As the Madonnas in sundry "Ascensions," by the old masters, are surrounded by a quantity of glorified babies, so numerous attendant shadows seem to encourage the principal one, and cling vigorously to the skirt of a poor representative and former *attaché* of Glory, before she changed her situation, apparently that the two may not part company. A life of varied labor, and ease glorified by that labor, opens before the hero of the pen. He sees himself disclosing to the world what a mine of eloquence of language and delicacy of idea may be contained in the evening lecture and the monthly publication. The volume conceived in his study floats

on the wings of half-a-dozen languages to as many portions of the earth. He is the universally accepted pet of society, the autocrat of innumerable literary feasts, the orator at the foundation of this Lunatic Asylum and that Observatory. Himself, together with his friends—the learned Professor A., the celebrated Poet B., and the Hon. Mr. C.—constitute a literary coterie, which all the world, at a safe distance, may contemplate through telescopes—thus forming a “truly magnificent spectacle.” And in the far years, through whose darkness his own mausoleum gleams dimly and grandly, his marble presence keeps moveless watch over the immortal legacies of his genius—the past of his popularity, the present of his greatness. What an unfortunate fact it is that this is all a shadow, for if such is its pictured magnificence what must be its substance; if the mind, by its far off gazing, is ennobled, it surely needs but an actual contact with this higher point to make it truly “the roof and crown of things.” But clouds are unsubstantial, and if touched for a little while with lustre, they only darken by contact in the coming night.

Our eyes become dazzled by too strong a light, and experience relief as the scene changes. Long drifts of desert sand toward a horizon of ungracious hills—the visible heat lying on low, flat roofs, whose monotony is broken by the minaret of a mosque—groups of turbaned heads, or deeply veiled figures—all interspersed with a suitable number of palm trees and camels, with perhaps an occasional glimpse at the pyramids, appear in succession on the cloud canvass, where experience has yielded the brush to the hand of vague fancy. With a strange feeling that ill accords with the previous passion of self-love, we picture on the changing surface the devoted life of a missionary. The patient toil under an accumulated heat and burden—the long endurance of hardship—the earnest spirit that strives with and outlasts stubborn human nature—all clothe the lonely figure that rises before us, with sad yet surpassing grace. We follow it through a life of generous labor, and see it lie wearily down at its close, and as it vanishes, the true glory lets fall a golden shower from its far off habitation, and fixes in the sky a new star to light other laborers on their pathway upward.

Such are some of the shadows that a coming future throws on our cloister walls. Beside these there are permanent pictures that the same surface receives from the actual present. There are individual histories, striking “life-passages,” personal actions, that make too strong an impression there to be quickly erased. They are not all our own, for the pictures from other brushes hang beside ours,

and we study and pass them. They make there a considerable Art Exhibition, embracing all classes and schools—but yet all pictures from life. They have been thrown off from private easels throughout our cloister life, and stand as indices—too often as estimates—of the character of the several artists. Some were intended for grand altar-pieces, but lose something from an unfortunate position or other circumstantialia. There are among them noble conceptions—their execution dealing largely in mystery; graceful parlor ornaments, which by their delicate sprays and flowers would be desirable in the collection of an artistic milliner; designs dependent on the power of “the suggestive style” for their value and appreciation, and little cabinet pieces, whose modest beauty is too apt to be overlooked. To arrange and classify them all would be hopeless labor.

Placed here and there in our course, in a series extending to the immediate present, we observe urns whose funeral fires will ever mingle their incense with the light chain work of our college dreams. There can be no after thought that will crowd out the memories lingering around their ashes. We shall see those to whom they are consecrated, always in our reveries, as figures that we left behind us, “not changed but transfigured.” We see them now as the spirit left the body, where it had been happy in its joyous sociality, or lonely in its quiet seclusion, and we know not whether most to mourn for their departure, or rejoice they have escaped the world into which we are so quickly going—that for them there is peace in exchange for trouble, rest for those who may not know

—“Long labor unto aged breath.”

Thus as the shadow cast by the sunlight lies always on our path from morning until evening, the shadows of life will follow us from childhood to the grave. We are soon to strive with those that we have seen from out the future, and we wait their sure coming, half with pleasure, half with terror. But let us rake the ashes over the dying fire, and drive back the visions into dream-land. We shall know the dread reality quite soon enough—why should we let them darken our college home? We will rather laugh at the distant cloud, while we enjoy the sunshine, and store the memory with treasures she will faithfully reproduce as we draw near the time when our earthly years

All their weary beads have numbered,  
Crossed the hands upon the breast,  
Gathered up their stoles and slumbered  
In the cloister's dreamless rest.

### **Mudwayausha, the Words of the Waves.**

On the sunset shore of the Utsyantho,  
In a reverie I dream,—  
While the day-god dozing,  
His eye is closing,  
And withdrawing his last beam,—  
Till I see the flare, on the water-mirror,  
Of the Indian camp-fire's gleam.

And thoughts, like night-birds, haunt the ruins  
Of the mystic days of Eld;  
For the years have rolled on,  
And the time is olden,  
And the forest dense is felled;  
And alone yon wood is now remaining  
Of the wilds where the red man yelled.

In Memory's library lies a volume;  
And I turn its pages o'er,  
And I read tradition  
Of a life elysian,  
In its legendary lore;  
'Tis the literature of a buried nation,  
Of a language voiced no more.

I feel the beat of the ripple pulses  
Of the Utsyantho nigh;  
While its bosom's heaving,  
As if 'twere grieving,  
Is sad as a maiden's sigh,  
And the spray that dews my hand is thrilling,  
As a tear from the loved one's eye.

Methinks to me the waves are whispering,  
In a measured and musical rhyme;  
And the flow harmonious  
Of their tones euphonious,  
Is sweet as a vesper-chime;  
And they breathe me a beautiful legend-ballad,  
A tale of the early time.

" Once the pale-face wooed a maid of the forest,  
More gentle than the dove ;  
Their vows were plighted,  
In a temple lighted  
With the pendent stars above ;  
And Manitou sealed their hearts, and sent them  
A pledge of their mutual love.

" The nymphs of the Night, the gossiping Zephyrs,  
Announced the infant's birth ;  
And the star-choir's psœn,  
Through the empyrean,  
Prolonged the strains of mirth ;  
And the Morn, like a chieftain, smoked the peace-pipe  
Till the mist-rings wreathed the earth.

" But when the maiden the calumet offered,  
For the babe, to her sachem-sire,  
From beneath the lashes  
His fierce eye flashes  
With all his nation's ire,  
As breaks from the clouds, in the storm-king's anger,  
The lurking Lightning's fire.

" She plead that blending the blood of two races,  
'Twas the pledge of their peace redeemed ;  
But his firm form towered,  
And his dark brow lowered,  
And his eye more fearfully gleamed ;  
For he saw but the blood of his foe, forgetful  
That his own in the same veins streamed.

" When the Earth in shame had sought her shadow,  
And the night-bird left her nest ;  
Where the waves are laving,  
Like the pine-trees waving  
Stood the chiefs of the raven crest ;  
And the warriors darkly filled the forest,  
As the dark thoughts filled their breast.

" Stern, sullen sat the sachem-council,  
Mid the thicket's brooding gloom,—  
Were no word spoken,  
Their look were token  
That death was the infant's doom,—  
But the dusky-painted sire gave sentence :  
" Let the lake-wave be the tomb."

" Oh, throbbed, with a sympathetic tremor,  
 All the agitated air;  
 And with tresses trailing  
 The waves went walling  
 In tones of sad despair;  
 And the shadow-shaping torch-lights shuddered  
 With a fluctuating flare.

" But worthy the Brave was his dark-eyed daughter,  
 For she gazed on the waters broad,  
 Till the surges dismal  
 Seemed a font baptismal,  
 And returned the gift,—unawed,  
 For the angel-stars in the depths were beconing,  
 To him who gave it, God.

" Like a tomb, the lake bears the name of the buried;  
 And at night-fall, over its verge,  
 The maid and her lover  
 Like angels hover,  
 And list to the solemn surge;  
 And they sing a requiem, low and plaintive,  
 To the chant of its ceaseless dirge.

G. W. F.

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## Two Visits :

OR BLENHEIM PALACE AND MT. VERNON.

No. II.

IN "No. I," in the August Lit., we promised to continue our subject by describing a visit to Mt. Vernon, by giving a short sketch of the Duke of Marlborough's character, and by a brief contrast of the characters which Blenheim and Mt. Vernon severally call to mind. We shall now attempt briefly to fulfil our promise.

In the spring vacation of Junior year, April, 1858, we started, from Washington City, on a long wished for visit. For many years we had a longing to see Mt. Vernon. The moral grandeur that crowns the life long acts of Washington, and the feelings of gratitude which his name calls up in the bosom of a great nation, and the best part of humanity, is more than enough to give a lasting interest to his home and his last resting place. But we had a pecu-

liar desire and interest to visit Mt. Vernon ever since we had heard the Washington oration of Everett, and visited the seat of that great base man, the Duke of Marlborough, with whom "Our Washington" is contrasted. The multitude which composed our company was astonishingly promiscuous. There were in it representatives of most European nations, several from South America, and more than twenty Indians from Minnesota, including six chiefs with an interpreter. The Indians seemed, in a lazy way, astonished at everything they saw, but the working beam of the engine, and, indeed, the whole boat seemed to excite their especial wonder. The day was one of rare beauty, and the sail down the Potomac, which is one of the most charming American rivers that we have ever seen, was fine. Our company had sufficient variety, which ought to have made it spicy, but I doubt if it was any pleasanter for that. The Indians sung songs and gave us some very troublesome specimens of war whoops; German talked to German; Frenchman spoke to Frenchman, until an anxiety, on the part of the foreigners and Indians, to know something of the things that were around them, caused them to seek for information among the American portion of the company. Then resulted that ridiculous attempt, for men who speak different languages to understand each other, which is so common a sight in European travel. A man came up to me with the question, "Parlez vous Français, Monsieur?" at the same time making several inquiries about the history of the places around us. Perceiving that he wanted information in a way that I could not easily give it to him, I mustered up my mongrel French and said, "Je ne parle pas Français Monsieur." He looked at me with astonishment and departed, evidently thinking me the most barefaced of liars, who could both understand and answer him in a language which I declared I did not speak. I told the truth, however. But we must stop this, for the boat is at Mt. Vernon pier; and a rickety affair it is. It was a type of everything about the place—ruin. Reverently we step for the first time upon the "hallowed ground" of Mt. Vernon. As we looked up and down the Potomac; as we gazed upon the beautiful scenery everywhere about us; as we beheld the rich foliage adorned with the full flush of spring—the heat and advanced growth of everything in vegetable form, at this time, and in this part of Virginia, astonished us—we felt sure a refined taste and a keen sense of the beautiful had chosen the spot. With an awe almost religious, we walked up the winding path to

the tomb, which is calculated to inspire anything but awe or admiration. An English nobleman said that it was a compromise between a bird-cage and a rat-trap, and, perhaps, he was about right. It is a contemptible looking thing, and, like everything about the place, going rapidly to ruin. Even the sarcophagi that contain the bodies of George and Martha Washington are scarcely respectable in appearance. But the tomb and all the surroundings of it must vanish from your thoughts, as the memories of the great man, whom they call to mind, come with unbidden power upon you. You feel with peculiar force the negative implied in Everett's question. "Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimages to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house?" No! His house may go to ruin, his tomb crumble to atoms, the stone on which his name is written turn to dust, and his mortal form mingle their ashes with that dust; but his name and fame, his goodness and the memory of all his deeds shall live! These will not go to ruin; these will not decay nor mingle with the dust:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,  
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;  
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die."

About the tomb are the monuments of several of Washington's relations, who, I conceive, are worthy of such a place simply because they were connected with the great good man that rests within.

The beautiful spring-time, so charming at this time of year in Virginia, the monument and the history of the man, called to mind those fine verses of Collins, which we will take the liberty to insert:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould;  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that maps the clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."



We now step from the tomb to the house, the general appearance of which is known to every one. It commands a fine view of the Potomac; and has enough of the beautiful in nature about it to make it a charming site for a mansion. But it is almost a ruin. A servant allowed us to wander through that part of the house which is shown to visitors. There is the room in which, and yonder the table on which Washington did much of his writing. The dining table stands where it did when he took his last meal at it. In the hall is the key of the "Bastile," or French prison, demolished by the mob in the first revolution, which stood where "Colum of July" now stands, on the eastern end of the northern interior Boulevards. This, as all know, was the most awful prison in the annals of Paris, and its Key was deemed an object of so great curiosity that Lafayette presented it to Washington. These and many other things stand as they were when the good man left this mansion for a nobler one; but how changed must be the general aspect of the place since it fell into the hands of a vile speculator! We wandered out to the garden to get one of the famous Mt. Vernon canes. It is well known that John A. Washington has made a large amount of money in the "Cane speculation." It is said, on good authority, that "canes cut close by the tomb" have been sold in such quantities that they would supply a large part of Virginia with firewood during an easy winter. Several black women and "younger nig's" had canes for sale. "Are you sure these canes are *genuine*?" asked we. "Oh, lor yes, massa! We would't lie for *nothin*." "Certainly not for *nothing*, but would you not for two and sixpence?" Not being satisfied with her 'proofs,' we wandered off in the woods and cut a "genuine" stick for ourselves. We were now warned by the bell to return to the boat. It was a day of rare interest, such interest as one can feel but not describe. We are heartily glad that John A. Washington has no longer control of this sacred spot. A short visit was made by our party to "Fort Washington," and in a short time we were again in Washington City.

We have thus far hurriedly described our visits to Blenheim Palace and Mt. Vernon. We will now speak briefly of the character suggested by the former, John, Duke of Marlborough.

John Churchill was born in 1650, at Ashe, in Devonshire. His father was a cavalier, whose fortune had been ruined by espousing the royal cause in the great rebellion, which resulted in the Protectorate of Cromwell. This fact recommended the family to royal

favor, after the restoration. The old man "haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio long forgotten, in praise of monarchs and monarchy." His son John became page to the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and was given by him an ensigncy in the guards. The cause of this preferment was the fact that John's sister, Arabella, had become the mistress of the Duke of York; and, in the words of Macauley, the "only feeling of the Churchills about her seduction seems to have been joyful surprise, that so plain a girl should have obtained such high preferment." I mention this fact to show that his course began in baseness, which resulted in a life of dishonor. His first military life was at Tangier; but it is said his most successful feats were about the Court of St. James, "where his good looks and good manners interested *les dames*." About this time he won the heart of the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite beauty of Charles II, and proved his devotion to her by leaping out of her chamber at the approach of the King; for which the Duchess gave him a present of £5,000, with which he bought a life annuity. These facts furnish a key to his life; he was the most sordid of men; he turned *everything* to gold; all his genius, glory, baseness, answered the same purpose. Charles concluded to send this expert leaper to the Low countries. Then began that great military career, in the attempt of England and France to subdue the Dutch provinces. Conde and Marshal Turenne predicted that he would be a great man one day. At the close of the war he returned to the service of the Duke of York; was made a Scotch Peer, and received various other honors. For a wife he married a Miss Jennings, who, in a worldly sense, was the blessing *and* the bane, and in every better sense, the curse of his life. She held a place in the family of the youngest daughter of James II, the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. Charles II had now died, James, Duke of York, had ascended the throne, and Churchill stood high in his favor.

Churchill now served James II faithfully in all his well known designs to subject the English people to the yoke of Rome, until his keen eye saw that James must yield, must be overthrown, until he saw that, if James had his own way, none but Catholics would hold an office in the realm, that he himself must either turn Catholic or yield all his offices and, that which his soul above all things coveted, wealth. He did not wish to lose his wealth and could not turn Catholic. As England's great historian says, "So inconsistent is

human nature that there are tender spots even in seared consciences. And thus this man, who owed his rise in life to his sister's shame, who had been kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots, and whose public life, to those who can look steadily through the dazzling blaze of genius and glory, will appear a prodigy of turpitude, believed implicitly in the religion which he learned as a boy, and shudered at the thought of formally abjuring it." He resolved to do neither, and in return to James for all his favors, for raising him to be Peer of Scotland and England, for loading him with offices and honors, he deserted him and joined his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, who was then in England, by the request of many great nobles, to free the people from the thralldom of James. Up to the last moment he deceived James, and in addition to this, he caused his wife, who was the favorite of Anne, James' daughter, to induce her to run away from the palace and declare in favor of her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange. The result is known. James fled to France, and William and Mary became King and Queen of England. He was taken into the service of the new King. Neither time nor space will allow me to go into detail here as I would like to. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding his avarice and base character, he rose rapidly as a warrior. In the wars that followed between the party of James and that of William III, he fought well for the latter and took Cork and Kinsale, in Ireland. But much as his glory shone his baseness more than eclipsed it. Fear of a counter-revolution came upon him, and with this, fear of losing his vast ill-gotten gains and his head with them. The banished king hated him above all his favorites who deserted him, and declared he never would forgive him. But the hope of gaining his vast influence caused him to change his mind, and Marlborough began a conspiracy against the government of William, apparently to restore James. And thus the friends of James believed until they found him attempting a double treason. He with them wished to overthrow King William; but he did not wish to replace James upon the throne; he desired to get possession of the army and then, proving traitor to the friends of James, as he had to those of William, to place Anne upon the throne, who was completely under the control of the Duchess of Marlborough. The Jacobites perceiving this, exposed his whole plan to their own enemies, the friends of William III. Then follows the disgrace of Marlborough and his retirement from politics and the loss of all his commands; but he

succeeded, by his wife, in alienating the Princess Anne from her sister and brother-in-law, the royal pair, as he before had caused her to flee from her father and take their side in the great struggle of 1688. He now had no part in the government until the death of Mary and William and the reign of Queen Anne. He was then restored to power, as his wife had been the favorite of the new Queen from childhood. It is during this reign that the character of Lady Marlborough is clearly seen; it was then that she was the greatest blessing and the greatest curse to her husband. Her friendship for, and, with her domineering spirit, complete control of Anne, gained for her husband the highest place a subject could hold. "Though slenderly portioned, she brought with her a dower, which judiciously employed, made him at length a Duke of England, a sovereign Prince of the empire, the Captain General of a great coalition, the arbiter between mighty princes, and, what he valued more, the wealthiest subject in Europe."

The "great coalition" referred to above, by Macaulay, was that formed by William III, against France, and especially against "Louis le Grande." Queen Anne determined to carry out the arrangements of her predecessor, with the allies, and Marlborough was the Captain General of all the united forces. Then began that series of exploits which will make his "name an echo" to all time; then were fought those battles, whose story we cannot stop to tell, which prove him, of all English captains, second only to Wellington, if second to any; then was displayed that courage which makes Schellenberg a rival of the Bridge of Lodi, and Blenheim's field an earlier Waterloo. A great man he was,—greatly mean, and greatly sordid. "All the precious gifts which nature lavished on him he valued chiefly for what they would fetch. At twenty he made money of his beauty and vigor. At sixty he made money of his genius and his glory." Loud complaints were heard of his avarice from all quarters. At the same time his wife domineered so thoroughly over the Queen and gave her such positive insults that she grew weary of it and cast her off. A party was formed against Marlborough, headed by Harley, St. John and others. Mrs. Masham, a relation of Lady Marlborough, usurped her place in the palace and poisoned the mind of the Queen against the family. Then followed that memorable series of events which resulted in the complete overthrow of the Marlboroughs. The Duke's service was retained by government as long as they could not do without him,

and then he was cast completely off, and retired for a time, in disgrace, to the continent. The monumental pile of Blenheim, presented by Anne, was not completed by her. The vast wealth, collected by a base and sordid life, completed this monument of his glory and shame. Thus ended a life gallant and chivalrous in the commencement, splendid in its meridian glory, but futile, perplexed and unhonored in conclusion; a life destitute of moral grandeur and all the nobler qualities of soul, and whose story will go down to future ages with fainter and yet fainter praise.

I will not relate to you the story of Washington's life in order to form the contrast I designed. It is not necessary, it is known by all who read this article. I need not say that he was the captain general of a smaller force than Marlborough; but he fought for a more glorious cause and with a nobler motive, and he gained a more splendid success. He formed an army from a heterogeneous multitude, and with it conquered the organized army of England's king; he formed a nation from chaos, and founded a free government; he triumphed while he ruled, and lived to see the success of his life-long plans; he did not reach the shores of eternity before he heard from those of time the praise and shouts of applause to his name which shall increase forever. Well might Guizot ask, "Who has succeeded like him?" In this point of view, he is a greater than Marlborough; but when we come to compare their moral characters, the contrast is still greater. As Blenheim Palace, with all its grandeur, and adorned with all the arts, is a monument of the sordidness, dishonesty and baseness of Marlborough; so Mt. Vernon, in all its simple humility, and adorned with no art, is a monument of the frugality, honesty and honor of Washington. Heaven is not more above earth, than is Washington's character above Marlborough's. Instead of licentiousness, treachery and sordidness, we have purity, honor and liberality. Instead of a "prodigy of moral turpitude," we have a miracle of human greatness and goodness. Writes Guizot, "Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate." In this world, "God has no higher favors to bestow;" and we doubt if they were ever bestowed on a worthier subject. His glory and praise, instead of growing fainter and fainter with the ages, shall increase and "widen with the process of the suns," and .

"Till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his name and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity."

G. H. C.

## A Pastoral,

### TO A MAIDEN WADING IN A BROOK.

Gently, maiden, gently !  
Waves, each other chasing,  
Are thy form embracing ;  
Sporting, playing round thee,  
In liquid chains have bound thee.  
On thee plays the sun-light,  
Peeping through the bushes ;  
Round thee laugh the waters,  
Gurgling 'mong the rushes.

The cowslip and the lily  
Shed their perfume o'er thee,  
And the rose-tree scatters  
Blushing wealth before thee.

Naiads, facile daughters  
Of the smiling waters,  
Circling 'round, adore thee ;  
While the stream before thee,  
In its envied duty,  
Mirrors forth thy beauty.

Wavelets, treat her tenderly—  
Sands, do not unfaithful be—  
Trees, a grateful shadow throw  
On the happy one below.  
Sunbeams, flicker through the shade,  
On the bosom of the maid ;  
Tangled in their wavy meshes,  
Laugh among her golden tresses.  
Dewdrop, as she passes by,  
Catch the twinkle of her eye—  
Sands, whose snowy wealth she presses,  
Gently pay her soft caresses.

Earth and water, earth and air,  
Pay your homage to the fair.

Maiden gladsome, joyous, free,  
Ever happy may you be ;  
Stem the stream of life as well  
As the river's. Fare thee well.

J. C. M.

## Tongues.

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέει αὐδὴ.

HOMER.

Et ejus lingua melle dulcior fluebat oratio.

DE SENECA.

LANGUAGE is the articulate expression of the thoughts and feelings. Hence, as the customs of men change—as they become more civilized or the reverse, there is a corresponding change in their languages, while the character of the country produces much the same result. And here, indulgent reader, do not look for any dry and musty essay—such as might have streamed from the pen of some antiquated Johnson—some profound Webster,—but only a little plain, every-day talk, such as we all feel some time or other.

Well—who in the Jones, the Browns, the Thompsons, of Old England, does not see the positive, the *flat* element, so characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry? and as for the Smiths, it is now pretty well established, that the veritable John came originally from England.\* And who, in the language of Scotland, does not perceive the spirit of *freedom* breathing through every word, and the *thrift* and *industry* they have ever maintained?

France, on the other hand, is a land of vineyards—where sunny plains reach far and wide at the foot of mountains, whose summits are capped with eternal snow. Everything seems gentle and easy, and the people without a care; and what is their language? Why—all sweetness and gentleness—all grace and melody.

The same is true of the Spanish, after making due allowance for its foreign elements—and the gallant cavalier, as he touches his guitar beneath the window of his lady-love, finds fitting strains in which to sing her praises.

So much for the West. In the Northern and Teutonic nations we see a different element. The stern hardihood of the Anglo-Saxon, combined with all the polish of the Frenchman or Italian, with a

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\* Lest this point should be questioned, we append the following which was recently discovered upon an old gravestone in Yorkshire, England:

“Here lyeth ye sayntille remaynes of ye loyall patriot, ye true Mann, ye faithfull and ryghte lustie, follower of our Syre ye verie gracious Henrie, John Smythe was his namme.”

far higher sense of morality, is all beautifully exemplified in the Norwegian or German.

Not in all cases, however. In the Dutch we see a coarseness, a heaviness, which calls up visions of Lager Bier, and tobacco smoke curling up from the deep recesses of some mammoth meerschaum.

Turn we to the East—to China and Japan. Instantly you think, kind reader, of such names as Yeh, Yang-ho, Ping-hi, Loo-chi-foo, Yang-tse-kiang, and others equally melifluous—but what can we expect from a people whose chief amusement, or rather chief and most delicate food is rats and tame birds' nests.

But in sober earnest, it is a fact which experience teaches, that the further we retreat from the line of civilization, and the nearer we approach the state where *man* assimilates to the *brute*, just in that ratio does language become harsh to an English or French ear. And where shall we find a better standard? Is proof needed? We have but to go to the islands of the Pacific, where man is, to all intents and purposes, a brute—indeed, it seems self-evident.

But in proof of our general proposition, That language is an index of the people—where shall we find more noble illustrations than in those of Greece and Rome during the various stages of their progress and decline? Those languages which, we regret to say, are too often neglected and stigmatized as “dead,” and therefore “useless,” as if forsooth, we *could* call those *dead* which, not only in themselves but also in the foundation they have offered to others, have really given to the world its brightest, its *living* characters?

But to return, the Latin language, as it passed through the various stages of *lingua Prisca*, *Latina*, *Romana*, *Elegans*, *Tumida*, *Vulgan*, did but mark the corresponding changes of the people. Through the first three, we trace them from a half barbarous life to the founding of the city, and the assembling into communities, and with a still further advance, when cities and towns became general, and the people began to form themselves under general governments. What now was the state of the language when Rome had reached the zenith of her glory if not her strength? It was the *lingua elegans*, the *polished* tongue, in which Cicero wrote those orations which have been the models of eloquence in all ages since—in which Virgil composed those poems which served to form the mind of England's great epic bard. Similar facts might be discovered in relation to the Greek tongue—but suffice it to say, (and without fear of contradiction be it said too,) that as no country or



nation has ever been known so illustrious for her poets, her orators and her statesmen, for her advance in the arts and sciences, and the general refinement of her people; so no tongue, whether *living* or *dead*, can boast such *purity* and yet *fulness*, such *strength* and yet such *sweetness*, as the language of Ancient Greece.

In the words of a noted author, "The History of Language is the History of Nations," and we trust the time is not far distant when the noble science of Philology shall be studied with zeal, and with the feeling that by these relics alone, may be read aright the History of the Past.

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### College Composition.

It is a trite and true remark, that the style of a magazine copies that of its editor. If his is brilliant and pungent, that of the contributors is the same; if his is stupid and metaphysical, theirs immediately becomes immensely heavy and profound over the most shallow subjects, and involves in a perfect halo of mist the simplest truths. No less true is it, that a sameness of style is apt to pervade a whole college—all of its members endeavoring to trim their own idiosyncrasies to the same Procrustian bed. Yale is no exception to the general rule. We have a style somewhat peculiar to ourselves, and he who nearest reaches that ideal form, after which we are all striving, bears away our praises and our honors. It is true that there are differences, but they arise more frequently from individual methods in striving after the same end, than from any intrinsic distinction in the character of style intended.

Some indulge in a plenitude of words and delight in sounding sentences and rounded periods. These seem to imagine that fluency in language implies intensity of thought. They string together adjectives as a child runs the red rose buds on a thread for a necklace, and struts in the tawdry ornament as though it were composed of the costliest gems. These are as "the sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," or rather, they remind one of the great drum, which drowns half the orchestra with its rattling clamor, and when you hunt for the source of all this hubbub, you find some dull eyed, phlegmatic Dutchman, thumping with his leathern hammer upon an

old sheepskin stretched across an empty barrel. The analogy between the two cases is sufficiently clear.

Some dip into satire or strive after wit. A few obtain one or both, but many hack away with dull knives until they blister their own fingers, or compassionate friends bring them to a halt. Fortunately, this class is not large and their lacerations are unfrequent. A truly humorous writer is one of the kindest benefactions made to our race, but a dull wit is one of the greatest inflictions upon it. All honor, then, to those who do succeed in this style.

But these are exceptional cases. The style aimed at in our prize compositions, prize debates, Commencement exercises, and even in the columns of the *Lit.*, is totally different from either of these. It is formal and severe, stiff and logical, it *would* be philosophical and analytical, it seeks to convince the intellect but neglects to appeal to the heart; it cultivates energy, but turns the cold shoulder to elegance; it is terse and distinct and despises ornament. Many of these are excellent qualities and give it a robust vigor, which that of few other institutions can boast. At the same time it has faults. It is not popular enough; it does not sufficiently enlist our sympathies; it does not fully gratify our *natural* taste for the beautiful. We *now* often brand as a "*splurge*" that which is truly elegant and beautiful. We confound an unmeaning, yet mellifluous jargon, with graceful picturing or chaste and classical ornament. Per contra, we sometimes acknowledge excellence in doubtful propositions, mystifying analyses or stupid argumentation, because they look very profound and are too tedious to receive a careful reading. In the main, our style is like a thrifty tree in winter. It stands in bold relief against the sky; its gnarled and twisted branches mingle in a skillful network with each other, like the courses of our argument, yet each retains its own distinct outline, and the whole presents a structure not without grace and symmetry, indicative of strength, and fitted to encounter the biting blasts of the season. Still it lacks that full and gaceful development, that rich and gorgeous coloring, and that appearance of life and growth, which so beautifully characterizes its summer perfection.

Such a style is forced and unnatural to us. We are now in the springtime of our life; all is bright and beautiful about us; our new-born energies are expanding; our feelings are warm and our aspirations high; our present life has a thousand charms and the bow of hope spans the future, not a dull, dead arch on a lowering

sky, but bright and glowing with beautiful colors from the pallet of nature's great Artist. With beauty all about us, and sunshine within to clothe the picture in all its richness, we look at the bright side. Sunny fancies, golden day-dreams and beautiful visions fill our minds; we enter into all our plans with youthful vigor and enthusiasm, and nothing daunts us, for even strife and excitement are themselves charming. Our autumn has not yet come, when, sobered by care, taught by experience and honorable by age, we shall be better fitted to philosophize and analyze, to propound solid propositions or to announce wise maxims and prove them by the soundest and soberest of arguments. Such is the proper and natural province of age and experience. Such sobriety and staid good sense becomes them. But in youth it is well to give the feeling fuller play, to cull some of the beautiful blossoms that bloom on the tree of thought, and to throw into our style some of the bouyancy, animation, and jollity which characterize our time of life. Any style which is so terse and rigid as to exclude these qualities, and to throw aside, as useless trash, all the graceful ornaments, with which a warm heart and glowing imagination would clothe the naked skeleton of the argument, and fill out its gaunt and bony form to the lines of beauty and grace, any style which does this must be forced and unnatural.

Such composition often defeats itself. The grand object of the writer is to please and instruct, and the one is as important as the other; for men will shun what is disagreeable, and endure ignorance, oftentimes, rather than wade through an article as dry as parched corn or a Townsend essay. True it is, that the hard bones, the tough muscles, and the wiry sinews, will be better seen, and their relations to each other be more readily apprehended, when the flesh which envelopes them is torn away, but the sight is so repugnant to good taste and the more delicate feelings, that few will study the deformed object, even to gain the increased knowledge that it affords. So oftentimes a composition, written on this skeleton principle, is thrown aside as dull, tedious, and distasteful, although it contains many novel and original ideas. It has not enough of the leaven of beauty in it to make it palatable. Thus has the writer defeated his own object; for his article is either left unread or is hastily perused with a yawn and a nod, not particularly indicative of interest. Let us, then, throw off some of this stiffness and formality which is growing upon us; let us cultivate a more kindly

and genial style, and let us, while heartily condemning all flummery and tawdry gewgaws, recognize and cultivate classical ornament and chaste decoration. Thus shall our style become a beautiful structure, not like the Egyptian pyramid, in whose angular outlines of strength and firmness we discover but little grace, and whose square and gloomy portals invite no entrance; but like a Grecian temple, whose fluted columns, with their ornamented capitals, whose carved doorways and lofty facades, decorated with statues and bas-reliefs, and whose graceful outlines combine *beauty* with *strength*, and gratify our taste, while they defy the angry elements and battle with the storm.

J. C. H.

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### Our "College Book Store."

CONSIDERABLE attention is just at present being given by the college world to the bookselling business. The eyes of every one have been assailed, for a week past, with hand-bills, bearing the formidable inscription, "PECK, WHITE & PECK." Now we have no wish to interfere with anybody's business, or plans for making, buying, selling, or studying books, but since so much has been said upon the subject, we deem it not improper to state one or two facts in this place respecting this affair.

Mr. McKay, with the approval of the Faculty, established a "Students' Book Store," as it is called, at 155 "Divinity," furnishing such books as students require, together with stationery of all descriptions, and that, too, at a price much less than that charged by Messrs. Peck, White & Peck, for the same article. But it seems that these gentlemen, finding their custom from students running low, expressed the very charitable and fraternal intention of running Mr. McKay "off the track" at any cost. Hence those wonderfully cheap rates at which they have so kindly offered to supply students with books at "ALL HOURS." Now we do not doubt in the least their ability to sell books at a less price than Mr. McKay, or even to give them away if they chose, for, as all the world knows, they are an old and well established firm, while Mr. McKay is entirely dependent upon his own exertions to remain in College.

But it would be folly to suppose that students are going to be hired by a few books sold under cost, to aid Messrs. Peck, White & Peck in suppressing a college book store, merely for the sake of placing themselves at the mercy of that firm. He has but poor spectacles who cannot see, that the moment our College Book Store is gone, Messrs. Peck, White & Peck can amply compensate themselves for any little loss sustained in their present philanthropic movement, by setting their own prices, or else that students may go without books. It is perfectly obvious that the only reason why it is desired to run out Mr. McKay is, because he has sold, and will continue to sell, books and stationery at a less price than Messrs. Peck, White & Peck are willing to, and that this is pretty generally understood throughout College, would appear from the resolutions which have been adopted by all the classes.

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### Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Commencement exercises of the class of 1858, passed off at the close of last Term, in a manner very creditable to the class. The day was unfavorable, yet in the afternoon the church was so crowded, that many were obliged to return home, being absolutely unable to get in. The following is the order of Speakers on the occasion.

1. Latin Salutatory, by JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS, *New Haven*.
2. Oration, "The Roman Character," by DANIEL AUGUSTUS MILES, *Worcester, Mass.*
3. Dissertation, "New England Homes," by EDMUND MORSE TAFT, *Whitinsville, Mass.*
4. Oration, "The Oratory of Lord Brougham," by JOHN TAYLOR BAIRD, *Cincinnati, Ohio*.
5. Oration, "The Weakness of Human Philosophy," by AUGUSTUS TURNER JONES, *North Bridgewater, Mass.*
6. Dissertation, "Scotch Poetry," by WM. HENRY STEELE, *Windham, N. Y.*
7. Oration, "Hugh Miller," by ARTHUR MATTHEWSON, *Woodstock*.
8. Oration, "The Troubadours," by MONTELIUS ABBOTT, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
9. Oration, "National Unity," by HENRY EDWARDS SWEETER,\* *New York*.
10. Dissertation, "Adherence to Principle under Defeat," by PRESTON IRVING SWEET, *Fishkill, N. Y.*
11. Dissertation, "Theory in Reform," by WILLIAM HERRICK WOODWARD, *Woodstock. Vt.*

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\*Excused.

12. Oration, "The Influence of Rousseau and Voltaire on the French Revolution," by EDWARD THOMAS ELLIOTT, *Towenda, Pa.*

13. Dissertation, "The Poetic Element in Poetry," by CHARLES BOARDMAN WHITTLESEY, *Berlin.*

#### AFTERNOON.

1. Dissertation, "Simplicity a Test of Truth," by GEORGE MILLS BOYNTON, *Orange, N. J.*

2. Dissertation, "Power in Reserve," by DAVID MARKS BEAN, *Sandwich, N. H.*

3. Poem, "A vision of the World," by ISAAC RILEY, *Montrose, Pa.*

4. Dissertation, "The Heroism of Conservatism," by ELISHA SMITH THOMAS, *Wickford, R. I.*

5. Oration, "Charlotte Brontë, and the Lesson of her Life," by EDGAR LAING HERMANCE, *Kinderhook, N. Y.*

7. Oration, "Egypt—its Character and Place in History," by WALTER STANLEY PITKIN, *Hartford.*

8. Dissertation, "Struggle," by SAMUEL HENRY LEE, *Lisbon.*

9. Philosophical Oration, "Is the Republican Experiment a failure?" by EDWARD SEYMOUR, *Bloomfield, N. J.*

10. Oration, "Influence of Feeling on Intellect," with the Valedictory Address, by ADDISON VAN NAME, *Binghampton, N. Y.*

#### OBITUARY.

THE College World, not yet recovered from the shock which the sudden and melancholy death of GEORGE E. DUNHAM, produced, is again called to mourn the loss of one of its members.

HENRY JUDSON WHEELER, a member of the Senior Class, died in New Haven, on Monday, Sept. 27th, 1858.

At a meeting of his classmates, held on the same day, the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, God in His mysterious but infinite wisdom has again called us to mourn the death of a beloved class-mate, therefore,

*Resolved*, That in this repeated stroke of affliction we have lost a brother whose modest and manly deportment, marked fidelity to duty and pure christian character, will long linger in our memory.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to his family, and to the Press for publication.

R. A. STILES,	} <i>Committee.</i>
DANIEL BOWE,	
G. W. JONES,	

#### STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Statement of Facts, came off Saturday, Sept. 25th, with the usual and some very unusual exercises. Owing to some difficulty in procuring Brewster's Hall, they were held three days later than the usual time, in Union Hall. Among other things memorable, it is to be recorded that the Freshmen Class, organized themselves in a regular body, and marched to the door, with the intention of entering "*vis et armis.*" A desperate struggle ensued, which we believe was

perfectly good natured, yet certainly, a public street is not a fit place for a trial of strength between two classes. The following are the names of the orators of the day:

#### LINONIANS.

*President,* Burton N. Harrison,  
*Senior Class,* Edward Carrington,  
*Junior Class,* Edward G. Holden,

#### BROTHERS.

William K. Hall,  
 Lester B. Faulkner,  
 William C. Johnston.

THE CAMPAIGN, has been a well fought-one on both sides this year. The result, according to the "Banner," gives the Brothers three majority.

#### CLARK PREMIUMS.

The Clark Premiums have been awarded this year to the following persons,—

- 1st, HASKETT D. CATLIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
- 2d, EUGENE SCHUYLER, *Ithica, N. Y.*
- 3d, HEZEKIAH WATKINS, *Liberty, N. Y.*

#### NAVY.

At a meeting of the Yale Navy, Sept. 31st, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Feeling ourselves under great obligation to our late Commodore, W. P. Bacon, for his zealous and unceasing efforts in our behalf—for his liberal expenditures and prompt action—for his indefatigable energy and perseverance, by which he has not only greatly enlarged the Navy, but also gained for us a name and reputation worthy of Yale,

*Resolved,* That the thanks of the whole Navy be warmly tendered to their late Commodore, as some testimonial of their respect and appreciation.

*Resolved,* That these resolutions be presented to W. P. Bacon, and also to the Yale Lit. for publication.

*Per Order,* YALE NAVY.

The following are the names of the General Officers of the Navy, for the ensuing year.

*Commodore,* S. DAVIS PAGE,  
*First Fleet Captain,* H. L. JOHNSON,  
*Second Fleet Captain,* A. W. HARRIOTT,  
*Treasurer,* H. B. IVES.

#### Book Notices.

*Sermons*; by NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. New York: Clark, Austin & Smith, 8 Park Row. For sale by Pease.

These Sermons, as the preface tells us, were written during Dr. Taylor's connection with the Centre Church, New Haven. Many of them have reference to a state of deep religious interest, so that their publication now is peculiarly opportune and appropriate. Emanating from the pulpit rather than the chair, "their style is

rhetorical in striking contrast with the exactness of statement which so marked his lectures." The preface says, "They are the productions of his youth." But with the enthusiasm of youth, they combine the power of maturity.

*The Librarian's Manual; A Treatise on Biography.* By R. A. GUILD, Librarian of Brown University. New York: Charles B. Norton. For sale by Pease.

The work is in two parts; the first containing a descriptive list of about five hundred separate works, or nearly two thousand volumes, such as should form the foundation of every library. Part second contains a description (with plate,) of sixteen of the largest libraries in the world. The work is indispensable to librarians and invaluable to all students of literature.

"Non minima pars est eruditionis bonos inesse libros."

*Two Millions;* by W. A. BUTLER, the author of "Nothing to Wear." For sale by Pease.

This Poem was delivered before the "Phi Beta Kappa" of Yale, about the time of our last issue, but too late to be noticed in it. Thousands heard it then, and tens of thousands have read it since, so that any praise of it now is almost superfluous. William Allen Butler is the usher of a new era into English poetry; or, rather, the restorer of an old one. His satire is chaster than that of his great namesake of Charles Second's time. It has no royal patron, but its object is the follies of wealth and pride and fashion; and his

"Chance shaft doth pierce a yielding joint  
In the stout harness of many a veteran wrong."

### LECTURES.

The course of Historical lectures, by Mr. Lord, begins Monday, Oct. 11th. They are spoken very highly of by every one who has had an opportunity of judging, and we anticipate pleasure and profit combined, in the ensuing course. An arrangement has been made, by which students can obtain tickets at a reduced price, at 155, Divinity.

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### Editor's Table.

"I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirred,"

"By a shuffled step."

There is none that does his work, not one.

We do not remember to have seen it stated anywhere that Tennyson was a Yale Lit. Editor, yet we think that such must have been the case, from his remarks, which we have quoted. He says,

"I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirred,"

"By a shuffled step."



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

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The TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1858. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a Volume, payable in advance. Single numbers, 25 cents each; for sale by T. H. Pease, No. 83 Chapel-st.

Back numbers of the Magazine can be obtained at the College Library.

\* \* \* Contributors are requested to forward their articles *through the Post Office*. They can, if they choose, inclose the name in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is used. Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.